

# WOODS SEIZES GUN; PREVENTS SECOND SHOT BY MAHONEY

The Mayor and the wounded Corporation Counsel.

"Is this the man who shot you?" Inspector Dillon asked Mr. Polk. Upon leading Mahoney into the Lieutenant's room of the City Hall basement, where the Corporation Counsel was trying to stanch with his handkerchief the flow of blood from his mouth, while waiting for an ambulance surgeon.

"I think it is," answered Mr. Polk.

**Old Man Mate for Hours.**  
"Why did you want to shoot the Mayor?" snapped Dillon, as he swung around again.

Mahoney merely made a gesture with his hands. From that time until almost sundown the old man steadily refused to tell his name or anything about himself to the Police Commissioner, to District Attorney Whitman and others, but finally gave his name and address shortly before 6 o'clock P. M. to Acting Captain Thomas Tunney at Police Headquarters.

Among other things found in the old man's pockets were two rambling letters to Mayor Mitchell, one of them about 1,000 words in length. From these letters and from his later statements it was learned that the Mayor's police appointments, Mahoney's imaginary grievances against Col. George Goethals and what he claimed were "extraneous" of the Mitchell administration had caused the old man to try to kill the Mayor.

"And the Mayor, an Irish Catholic," Mahoney complained last night to Capt. Tunney, "wasn't appointing enough Irish Catholics to city jobs."

**Hears Agitations as He Waits.**

Mahoney was born on March 17, 1842, sixteen miles outside of Cork and has been in America about sixty years. He is a small, gray haired man with an exceptionally prominent nose, a short white mustache and white beard. He wore an old gray suit, darned at the knee, and with a Pittsburgh tailor's mark inside.

His wife and four children, he said, now live at Newport, Ky., which was once his own home. For the last ten years he has lived chiefly in New York.

For almost three hours yesterday he had been hanging around the City Hall neighborhood, during which time he had had at least one glass of whiskey and a glass of beer, the rest of the time being given largely to listening to the oratory of socialist tendency that is always on tap at the foot of the Franklin statue.

The Socialist and I. W. W. orators had interested him around the statue on other days besides yesterday forenoon. Capt. Tunney asked the old man last night whether or not their speeches had influenced him to shoot.

"Well," he said, "the speeches I heard may have had something to do with what I did to-day."

Last Monday, he said, he went to the City Hall to see the Mayor and when told that he could not see Mr. Mitchell without a ticket the refusal made him "nearly crazy."

**"Softened" on Wednesday, He Says.**

Again on Wednesday he went to the City Hall and this time, he told the police and Mr. Whitman, he carried a revolver which he bought in Jersey City a month ago.

"I saw the Mayor and Mr. Bruere come out at noon," said Mahoney, "but I thought against Mr. Mitchell, softened and I didn't shoot him then."

Within a few minutes after Mahoney fired the shots yesterday City Hall plaza and adjoining streets were packed with thousands. Almost immediately, too, Borough President Marks, President George McAneny of the Board of Aldermen, Comptroller Conover, Commissioners Adams, Kingsbury, R. A. C. Smith and, in fact, the Mayor's official family were with their chief and Mr. Polk.

Mayor Mitchell, upon seeing that Mr. Polk's immediate wants had been attended to in the police lieutenant's room, went to the telephone beside Mr. Polk's desk and called up Mr. Polk's father, Dr. William Mackenzie Polk, who is dean of the Cornell Medical School, and Mr. Mitchell to assure them that Mr. Polk's wounds were not dangerous and that he himself was uninjured.

"I'll have Frank come to the telephone himself," Mayor Mitchell told Dr. Polk over the phone, "to prove to you that he's all right."

**Police Rehearses Man Who Shot Him.**

The Corporation Counsel stepped from the Lieutenant's room out to the telephone to talk to his father. The "handicap" on his chin made speaking somewhat difficult for him, but he was able to tell his father that there was no cause for worry.

"I'm sorry that an old man like you," Mr. Polk said to old Mahoney, "should want to kill the Mayor of New York."

Mahoney shuffled away without answering.

When the old man was taken to a rear room Inspector Fauriol, Inspector Dillon, the Police Commissioner and others tried to learn his name and address.

The police took Mr. Mahoney in the hope of finding laundry marks. On the inside of the collar written in indelible ink in a shaky hand was "David Rose". The name "David Rose" was also on his underwear. This was thought to be his name, therefore, until he told Capt. Tunney later that it was Michael P. Mahoney.

All the City Hall neighborhood swarmed with police and other officials by the time Mr. Polk was ready to walk out to the ambulance. In a long stretch of the City Hall plaza, cleared by squads of mounted policemen under Inspector Thomas Myers, were troops of moving military officers and camera men waiting inside the close pressing walls of humanity as the Mayor and Mr. Polk stepped into the sunlight.

**Mayor Breaks Hospital Rule.**

There is a hospital rule that the ambulance drivers of the Hudson street hospital must take all patients to that institution. Mayor Mitchell upon entering the ambulance to go with Mr. Polk said he would take it upon him to "bypass the rule." Mr. Mitchell already had called on the New York Hospital, with which Dr. Polk is connected, had made hurried preparations for the reception of the injured Corporation Counsel.

During the ride to the hospital and later the Mayor's chief concern seemed to be one of great anxiety that Mr. Polk had "fired an injury" intended for Mayor Mitchell himself. He accompanied the wounded Corporation Counsel to a room in the Hudson street hospital, where Mr. Polk occupied a month ago when his wound was little more than a "bruise."

Upon assurances that Mr. Polk was in no danger the Mayor

said good-by and hurried back to the elevator.

Mr. Mitchell's first act after leaving the hospital was to go to Police Headquarters, where he spent a few minutes with Commissioner Woods. The Commissioner was asked later whether or not the Mayor had been there to congratulate him.

"Well," replied Commissioner Woods, "I'm not sure, but I think it is possible."

**Prisoner Obstinately Silent.**

When the Mayor, Mr. Polk and party had left the City Hall for the New York Hospital renewed attention was given by Deputy Police Commissioner J. Robert Rubin, Inspectors Fauriol and Dillon and other officials to Mahoney, who was still being detained in the police section room before starting for Police Headquarters. These efforts to get anything of value from the old man's lips were fruitless.

A big green automobile police van was drawn up directly at the door leading into the City Hall station house to take the Mayor's assailant to Headquarters. Shortly before 8 o'clock P. M. Deputy Commissioner Rubin and the police gathered up the two letters to Mayor Mitchell, the letter to Mayor Armstrong of Pittsburgh, the heterogeneous newspaper clippings and the other things found in Mahoney's pockets.

The thousands massed out in the sunlit plaza tried to press even closer, as it was evident that preparations were being made to take Mahoney to Headquarters. Police Lieutenant Collins and a squad of detectives led Mahoney out to the van, the mounted police made a lane for the machine and Mahoney was whisked up Centre street.

First Mahoney was taken into Mr. Rubin's office at Headquarters, where Mr. Rubin, Inspector Fauriol and others tried in concert to induce the dazed old man, now, collarless and a bit muddled up, to talk about himself. After some minutes of this the matter of the prisoner's lunch came up and food and a cigar were brought to him. He would take only some mouthfuls of coffee and the cigar.

**Jokes With Policemen.**

He was taken down to the basement to be stripped and measured. Here some smiles began to come to the man's sallow face, and he even began to joke and laugh with policemen while dressing himself after the measurements had been taken. Mr. Rubin again took him in hand and started in again to make him talk, but could not.

On stairs in Commissioner Woods's office the Commissioner and District Attorney Whitman, who had been asked to be present at the examination, were waiting when Mahoney was brought into the room. Chief Magistrate McAdoo, Police Surgeon O'Hanlon, Mr. Rubin, Assistant District Attorney Emberey and a stenographer were among those in Mr. Woods's office with Mahoney until almost 5 o'clock.

At the end of the grilling Mahoney was led down stairs again to the finger print room with his questioners still believing in his toothless smile and with nothing in fact, to lead to his identification. To direct questions he would merely shake his head in silence or, at best, say he would not answer the questions.

**Tunney Meets Quick Success.**

"Why not let Capt. Tunney talk to him?" acting Capt. Dan Kerr finally asked Mr. Rubin. "If anybody can get him going Capt. Tunney can."

apt. Tunney had almost immediate success. After the quizzing by Capt. Tunney the prisoner was then led to a cell in the basement of Headquarters to be locked up for the night.

Mr. Whitman seemed to hold the opinion, after listening to the examination of Mahoney in Commissioner Woods's office, that the prisoner was not only well minded but also partly drunk.

**Divided as to Insanity.**

Among some of the police officials the opinion as to whether the prisoner was sane or insane seemed to be divided.

The hearing of the newspaper clippings from various newspapers found in Mahoney's pockets, the state of the man's mind seemed problematical. The subject matter of the clippings ranged from sales of pictures abroad, on through various matters pertaining to the sports of the day, to the shooting of a man named Col. Goethals as Police Commissioner and other police news, to accounts of baseball games, the feeding of school children and other disconnected matters.

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## MAJOR'S OWN STORY OF ESCAPE FROM DEATH; "I HAD A PISTOL; WISH I HAD USED IT."



COMPTROLLER POLK RECEIVED THE BULLET WOUNDS FOR THE MAYOR. MAHONEY, LIEUT. KENNEL.

First Impression, He Declares, Was That Auto's Muffler Was Exploding.

Caught off his guard, Had Known of Many Threatening Letters, but Had Expected No Attack.

Mayor Mitchell on his return to the City Hall from the hospital at 4 o'clock in the afternoon said:

"Frank is doing fine. He'll be back on the job in two weeks and will be out of the hospital in a few days."

"The bullet struck the left side of his chin just below the lower lip, passed through two inches of his lip and shattered his jaw bone. He lost two teeth. The bullet came out on the right side. The surgeon tells me that the bone is in a healthy condition and that it will not be necessary to have an operation."

"My chauffeur picked up the two teeth and gave them to me. I gave them to the doctor and it is possible they may be replaced."

"The man shot for the back of my head. Frank was leaning forward; at least he told me he was. You know the auto seat is narrow and there is hardly room for three. I did not see the man who did the shooting, nor did I see the two other fellows who ran away afterward. I am told by a man who says he saw them that he heard one say, 'All right, go ahead.' If there were two other fellows I wish to God I could have caught

magistrate clerks you have stated this twentieth of February last now you say on 28th of February last that you were shot. How is it that you tell so many lies for the short time you have been in office. You want secret bills passed in Albany for the benefit of a faction of a second before I reached him. I caught him by the shoulder and the chauffeur and I grabbed the gun. The man crumpled up and the three of us went down together."

**"Just Crumpled Under Us."**  
"Did you hit him?" Dr. Woods was asked.

"No, he just crumpled up under us. It was fortunate that he was a weak old man with an untidy hand or some one would certainly have been killed."

Mr. Polk himself, in conversation with his friends in the police station, attributed his escape from death to the fact that he saw the man's arm raised and started involuntarily.

"I caught a glimpse of an arm going up," Mr. Polk said, "and it hadn't been that I moved my head just at that instant I might have got the bullet higher up."

"The nerve and pluck of Mr. Polk," said Mr. McAneny, "were remarkable. He only concern seemed to be to get the correct version to his wife and father so as not to alarm them."

A Pittsburgh campaign handbill was found among the papers in Mahoney's pockets. It was a dodger printed on one side only and it was an attack against Candidate Enoch Raus, who was running for the office of City Councilman of Pittsburgh. The dodger runs:

"Remember Homestead, 1892?"  
"Remember the twelve hour day in mill?"  
"Remember Andrew Carnegie is the man responsible for all of them?"

"And—Remember Enoch Raus, who was for Police Inspector and governor of Pennsylvania then and he and his friends would have a good show to graft more he stated in the newspapers in Nov. 1912 that he would have the canal completed in July 1914. If it completed it don't look that way to us when the grafter was \$4,000,000 dollars more goethals says he don't know how he is getting so many medals we agree to this because he is not worthy to any he have told the truth once in his life.

There was no signature to the letter.

**POLK MISFORTUNES IN SERIES**  
Wife and Baby Operated On—Other Children Sick Measles.

The bullet fired at Mayor Mitchell yesterday, which struck Corporation Counsel Frank L. Polk, brought the last of a series

of misfortunes which have fallen to the lot of the Polk family recently.

When Dr. William M. Polk of 7 East Thirty-sixth street, the father of the Corporation Counsel, brought the first news to Mrs. Polk that her husband had been shot she was recovering from an illness which had confined her to her bed.

She was at her home, 129 East Thirty-sixth street, and bore up with remarkable fortitude. Her father-in-law accompanied her to the hospital to which Mr. Polk had been taken.

It was only two days ago that Mrs. Polk came home after an absence of several days passed at the home of Dr. Polk, where she underwent the operation. She was a minor one. She remained at the home of her father-in-law for several days to recover her strength before going home.

Last year Mrs. Polk was seriously ill at Palm Beach and her three children were sick of the measles. This winter the family remained in the city because of Mr. Polk's official duties.

For the last two months the Polk children have been ill. Frank, the baby, 2½ years old, was in the New York Hospital for four weeks. He suffered from intestinal trouble and had to undergo an operation. He was also threatened with mastoiditis. He has been at home now for three weeks and is getting along nicely. The baby, however, has not been taken out of the house since returning from the hospital.

The other two children, John and Elizabeth, are 4 and 5½ years old respectively. They are called Jack and Lillie and were attacked with the whooping cough a month ago while visiting with Miss M. H. Dehon of 810 Fifth avenue, a friend of the Polk family. This was at the entrance to the Peter Street hospital. Jack and Lillie were sequestered at the home of Miss Dehon in order not to expose the baby to the whooping cough. These two older children have been living with Miss Dehon ever since they fell victims to the whooping cough.

As soon as the news that Mr. Polk had been wounded became known the telephone at the Polk home rang constantly and the doorbell every few minutes. Many friends called and several doctors, but Mrs. Polk did not return home from the hospital during the afternoon.

**MALONE ISSUES A WARNING.**  
Collector Sees Danger in Calling the President a Traitor.

"The man who through property motives directs to send out through the columns of his newspapers such lurid misrepresentations of facts or directs to

call the President of the United States a traitor to his country will have in his heart and on his head the responsibility of any harm that may befall that President."

This is the way Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port, closed an address to the Brooklyn Bar Association at its meeting at 175 Montague street, Brooklyn, last night. His remarks were inspired by the attempt to kill Mayor Mitchell and the shooting of Corporation Counsel Polk.

"What happened to-day," Mr. Malone said, "is partly proof and illustration of some of the chaotic conditions in America."

He deplored the fact that such conditions exist and contended that they are the result of a long time before the people of this country forget the significance of the act. We must have law and order and we must have men, whether in the legal profession or not, to fight to the best of their abilities against such a state of affairs in the community.

"We are dealing with strange forces, which we scarcely understand. You are not going to defeat socialism or anarchy by denouncing them. Denounce the causes which make for socialism and anarchy."

"Change the law of 1914, meeting the conditions of 1776, to meet the conditions of 1914."

Before going to the meeting Mr. Malone visited Mr. Polk.

**GUARD AT MITCHEL HOME.**  
Eight Detectives Spend Night at Door of Riverside Drive House.

Eight detectives were on guard last night at the entrance to the Peter Street apartment at Riverside Drive and Ninety-eighth street, where Mayor Mitchell lives.

Their vigil continued throughout the night even while Mayor Mitchell was at the Press Club. No one would talk about the order for the guard and it is not known whether or not it will be continued.

**Blimes Discusses Reverses.**  
Newport, Ky., April 17.—Business reverses and the breaking of confidence that he placed in others, and troubles too numerous to mention, were the reasons given by the wife of Michael Mahoney, who is held in New York city, following a desperate attempt to kill Mayor Mitchell, Mahoney's wife and five children live in this city. He has not been in Newport for the past two years, when he wrote letters home from Pittsburgh.

## PREPARED FOR ATTACKS, MAYOR TELLS PRESS CLUB

Mitchel Says Progress of Democracy Means Constant Fight, and He's Willing to Face All Perils in Way of Progress.

Mayor Mitchell, calm, smiling, cool, as if he had never passed through an experience which might have spelled tragedy for him, was a guest at dinner of the New York Press Club last night.

Without bravado he explained to the hundred men and women that when he accepted office he knew that some hazards went with it. He had almost been expecting something like it, although there were no earthly reason for him to do so. It was one of the incidents of life in a democracy, where at best all progress is in the nature of a battle, and in a battle almost anything is likely to happen.

The Mayor's speech followed a very brief introduction by Edward Percy Howard, vice-president of the club, whose speech went little more than the "Thank God the Mayor is with us," and Dr. Talcott Williams, who brought everybody to his feet by a few eloquent remarks.

The Mayor said:

"I assure you that I too am very grateful that I am with you to-night, both for the reason that has been alluded to by the toastmaster and by Mr. Williams, and also because I am always grateful for the privilege of meeting good friends on an occasion like this, and if I had never felt it before surely I would feel to-night that here I am among friends."

**Prepared for Attack.**  
"The experience of this afternoon is, of course, one to impress itself on any man's mind. I said, in answer to a question put to me by one of the representatives of the press at the City Hall, that I had been almost expecting some such thing; not because I had any reason to expect it, not because there is any reason why such a thing should happen in a civilized community ordered by laws, as is ours, but because I know that life in a democracy, where there is progress, where new things are being established, is more or less of a battle, and in a battle almost anything is likely to happen, and a community as great as is New York, as complex as is New York, there are always a few unfortunate disorders of mind that find expression for their illogical thought in such acts as that of this afternoon."

"Of course I am grateful for my own escape, but may I say that I do most devoutly thank God that I did not escape my good friend, that splendid fellow, one of the very best whom I have known."

"I saw Woods move forward before the shot was fired. I thought it was a muffled explosion. I realized that it couldn't be a muffled explosion when my ear was buried by powder. Mr. Mullen was burned too."

"The shot came from the left side of the car, rather to the rear. I think the chauffeur was on the running board about to throw the lap robe over me. He always does that—I have tried to discourage him from doing it, but I haven't succeeded."

"I had just sat down in the rear seat of the car. I was on the inside, next to the curb. Mr. Polk next me, in the center, and my law partner, George M. Mullen on the outside. Police Commissioner Woods was on the running board, setting into the front seat."

"I looked forward to give me more room just before the shot was fired. I could get my gun out Mr. Woods had jumped on the man and had him on the ground."

"If there were other men with him I am certain they must have put him up to it, and that this poor, doddering old fool was their tool."

"The jaw was not shattered," said Dr. Hartwell. "It was simply chipped a little. Mr. Polk ought to be out in a day or two. I do not consider it necessary to issue bulletins of conditions."

This statement confirmed one given earlier in the evening by Dr. Hartwell. The hospital authorities agree that Mr. Polk will be out of the hospital probably in a day or two.

Ever since Mr. Polk's arrival at the New York Hospital, a little after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the solitude of his friends was shown by calls, telegrams, and the presence of the press. There was a line of automobiles and carriages in front of the Sixteenth street entrance to the hospital most of the afternoon.

Among the first to arrive were Mayor and Mrs. Mitchell. They stayed three-quarters of an hour, and when the Mayor got into his car he was smiling.

"He's fine," he said, when asked concerning Mr. Polk's condition. "He's getting along nicely."

When Dr. Polk, the patient's father, met the Mayor at the hospital, he put out his hand and said: "It was very fortunate that you were here to see me."

"Well," said the Mayor, clasping Dr. Polk's hand, "it's pretty bad when somebody tried to get you and gets your friend."

Mr. Polk reached the hospital shortly after Mr. Polk's arrival, and remained all night. She scarcely left his room. By a coincidence Mr. Polk is in the same room, No. 704 in the private department, that he occupied for some time while his two-year-old son, Frank, was in room 705 recovering from an operation about a month ago.

**MAHONEY USED FALSE NAME**  
Police Told He Called Himself Rose for Five Years.

Police Headquarters received a telegram early this morning from Newport, Ky., in answer to a dispatch sent yesterday asking the Chief of Police to inquire into the record of Michael P. Mahoney, who attempted to assassinate Mayor Mitchell.

"Your telegram received relative to Michael P. Mahoney. I have investigated

and found that he lived at 116 East Front street four years, but has been away five years in Pittsburgh, Pa. He has a wife and three grown sons living here now. That is all the information I have. The name of David G. Rose for the past five years when away. Age about 65."

"W. G. Bunsen."  
"Chief of Detectives."

**MAYOR TRUSTS TALISMAN.**  
Little Gold Frog, He Says, Shielded Him From Death.

As Mayor Mitchell was leaving the New York Press Club last night a personal friend congratulated him on his escape. The Mayor smiled and reaching into his vest pocket pulled out a small gold frog attached to his watch chain.

"Mr. Mitchell," said the friend, "it can come to me as long as I carry it."

Then he explained. In Costa Rica last fall he was entertained at the home of a prominent citizen. After the entertainment his host presented him with the little frog to him. She said it came from a prehistoric race, and was known to say that it was a talisman against death by violence.

"Do you know," said the Mayor, "that just before this thing happened this afternoon I remembered that in a moment I touched the little frog."

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